

PS
3525
U85S6

1918 Snatches from

A Diary

24

By MARY G. MURTAUGH

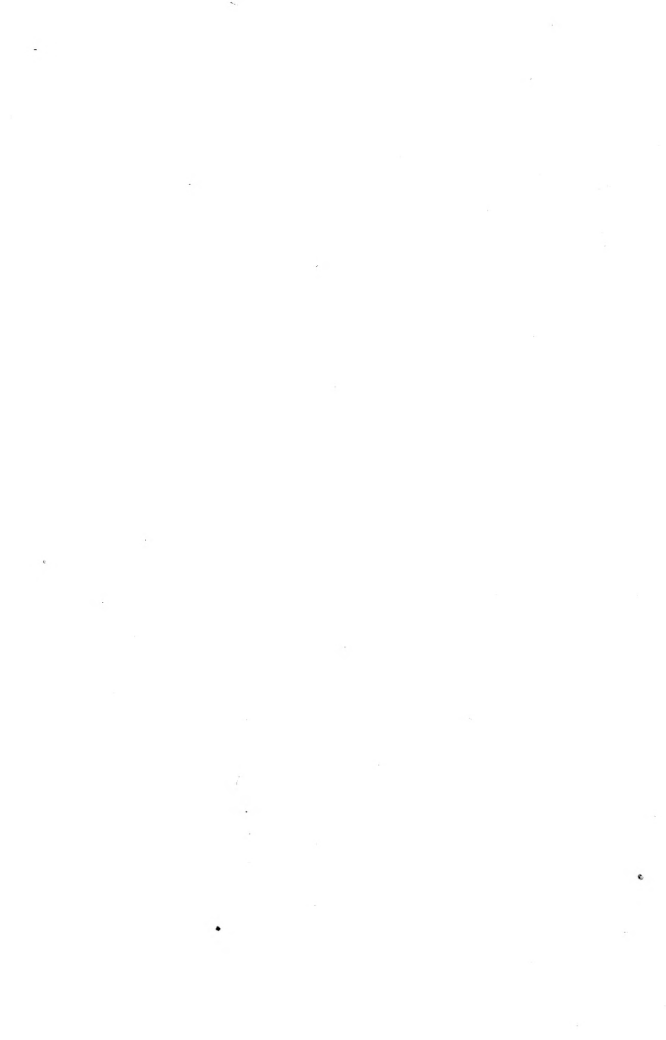


Class PS 352.5

Book 1152

Copyright N^o 1

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



SNATCHES FROM A DIARY

What shall we do when they come home,
Who were willing to die for us?
What shall we do for the men
Who went through Hell's red fire?
Can we repay, by our mere care,
The crosses and losses they bore,
Or can we blot from their weary minds
The scenes that war forever finds?

Snatches from a Diary

1917—1918

By

MARY G. MURTAUGH

Little book, your leaflets I will fill
With memories of love
And with memories of war;
For words like petals of roses
Scatter, to remind us of a time
That once has been.



BOSTON
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
1918

P2 1524
U5056
1918
Copyright, 1918, by

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

JAN 13 1918

The Four Seas Press
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

©CL.A511757

A DREAM

I had a dream, a sad strange dream,
It was not long ago,
I thought I saw an angel bright,
All shrouded with celestial light,
And in his hand he held a book,
While on his face, the same sad look,
Said, "Come."

This form etherial as the air
Was but the messenger of war.
I heard that voice, so low and clear,
My boys call softly one by one;
They went in turn, each one in time,
They passed me by with looks
That seemed to say, "I must,"
"I cannot stay."

They vanished from my dreamy sight,
I watched them one by one;
I knew their heart-aches, felt their cares;
Their duties were not light;
I heard again that voice so soft,
Again, I saw that angel fair,

A diadem was in his hand,
Bright as the lightning's gleam,
"I've one for each," was what he said,
"For each man has done well."

And yet it was not all a dream,
It has been really so,
The God of War has called my boys;
Yes, one by one, I saw them go;
I look and think, for their spirits still are here,
And it seems to me like a by-gone scene,
Not very long ago,
And now I wait these dreary days
For the messenger of peace.

TO THE READER

In these dark days, let us try for one short hour to forget, yet remember, and with the writer hope for better things and peaceful days to come.

'Twas in the mild September,
A day to well remember,
Birds sang, doves flew high above,
While we whispered words of love.

Snatches from a Diary

SEPTEMBER, 1917.—Today, such a happy day for me, because, little book, I heard words, love words, whispered midst the beauties of an old garden which we both loved so well. 'T was there Philip told me of his love.

Love, love makes the world bright,

Love makes the world dark ;

Little book, can you spell

What love is?

Or shall I have to try to tell?

LOVE

Crimson secrets in hearts of fire,

Veins that are thrilling with love's desire ;

The gleam of the eyes, the sound of the voice,

Are but the roses of tender hope,

The touch of the hand pleads fondness choice,

And the press of the lips but thirst of bliss ;

The petals of roses may fade and die,

But the heart-leaves of love will ever live,

Yet words cannot speak nor looks ever tell

The meaning to you of the flower of love.

MARCH, 1918.—Six months have passed, months of sunshine, no cloud to mar our happiness, memories always to live—until—today, came the call to war.

The words read brief,
But fill with grief
The hearts who ever lines behold
On this little message of yellow gold.

We read it together, hearts beating with mad, wild throbs. The test had come sooner than we expected. But Philip Sheridan Marden, an officer in the Medical Reserve Corps of the U. S. A., was ready to meet it and follow in the footsteps of that noted ancestor whose name he bore. And I, Dorothy Stonewall Grant, must stand brave, true and loyal to him, for I, too, am a descendant of a race of fighting fame.

Brave as the brave of yore,
On, on to the battle's core,
For memories to live forever,
To do or die.

The time now will be short, little book, for Lieutenant Phil will soon have to go, but no matter what happens, we will always have our memories.

MEMORIES

Brightest memories, like the stars,
In my pathway always gleaming,
Lighten days and chase the shadows,
Brighten night and soothe my dreaming,

Just a light that always lasts, .
Memories bright, like the stars.
Memories bright, of no sorrows,
Golden rays against day's sadness,
Suns the shadows of tomorrows,
All the clouds just pass away,
Pure and bright and always true
Are those memories, like the stars.

APRIL 15, 1918.—Just five more days before Philip will have to leave for a western camp, to remain a month, perhaps longer, before sailing for France.

France, how you tear my heart when I hear your name! The horror of the submarine warfare is on the lips of everyone. News of its wickedness comes daily. My heart fills with pain when I think of the terrors Phil will have to face when he crosses the sea. I must not think; war is war, and Philip must go.

Stonewall Jackson—Oh! why did I ever have any ancestors? Father and mother say he was so brave. Well, so am I.

APRIL 17, 1918.—How the time flies, there is so much to be done. It's quite a job getting an army kit together. I saw the whole kit together last night, little book, and I almost died, especial-

ly when I looked at the outfit they have in searching for the wounded.

We are going to the lake today, for the last time, and say good-bye to all our nooks, so I'll have to hurry, little book. My! how I wish Phil did not have to go.

APRIL, 22, 1918.—Phil leaves tonight at eight. We're not going to say good-bye, not really, not until he goes to France. He says he'll come home before then if only for a day. The time is short and Phil will soon be here.

So I must not cry, but just be brave,
And try all tears off to stave,
And, little book, I must leave you,
For I've many things to do.

Phil has gone, my heart is aching, just breaking, and I know he felt the same. I tried to be brave and smile through it all, and now, little book you won't tell that I am weeping, I, Dorothy Stonewall Grant, while I ask you, "How long?"

HOW LONG?

Words, golden words, were spoken.

No, not dreamed.

One night star-lit, balmy sweet,

Oh, how long since?

Midst dewy perfume of blossoms,
The brook's babble, the cricket's song,
With dull sounds from frogland
And chirps from the nesting birds,
And over all this wonder of the night,
Moonbeams' silver fell so bright.
'T was thus we spoke those words,
Smiling, loving, our hearts nigh breaking.
Ah! how long since?
It seems but yesterday.

Words, golden words, will they be spoken?
Not, not dreamed,
Again, in that garden old and fair,
Oh, how long hence?
Midst the golden rays of the sun-lit day,
The song of birds, and blossoms rare,
Or at night 'neath the beams of the silver moon
With echoes of nature still awake?
Or will it be in another land,
Away from the pain and grief of earth,
Midst mystic music and angel bands?
I ask, "Where again will we speak those words,
Smiling, loving, our hearts at rest and peace?
Ah! how long to wait?"
I know 't will not be yet.

14 Snatches from a Diary

MAY 3, 1918.—Several little notes have come from Phil. He is getting nicely settled; that is, under the conditions. He misses his soft bed, hot water and baths, and many other comforts of home. Oh, it's a gay life, this army life. He says that they hie to the city, about two hours' ride from the camp for week-ends.

At the end of the week I wouldn't lose

The chance of a bath and a good long snooze,
It's a good hot tub, and a nice soft lather,
For each week I become a Turkish bather.

MAY 14, 1918.—Phil's letter of today says they are very busy. The camp covers hundreds of acres of land, and there are many thousands of soldiers in training. There are many lectures, drills and so forth. Oh, there is so much to do. They are all glad when the hour of "Taps" comes, which is sometime about ten o'clock at night, I think. Phil says, little book, that no matter how many times the men hear the bugle sound "Taps" you never tire of it. It is then you think of home and loved ones, for many a dream is dreamed at the hour of "Taps."

TAPS

Hush, 'tis the bugle sounding,
Calling the hour of "Taps."

Put down your pen and paper,
Drop work unless ill-pressed.
Draw your chair to the open window,
Yes, open it up wide,
And list to the sounds it's sending
All over the camp grounds.
Throw back your head and listen,
I know you are smoking, too,
But the very smoky incense
Will bring pleasant dreams to you.
Close your eyes, you'll see them
Right close and near to you,
A hand on your shoulder, a kiss on your brow,
Arms of loved ones envelop you now
And close you up tight, in one short happy dream.
Awake! for the bugle's notes are dying,
Just list to them, here and there,
"Good-night," "To Rest," it's softly calling—
The song of "Taps" so sweet and clear,
The hour when many a dream is dreamed.

The sunset wanes
From the twinkling panes,
Dim misty myriads move as
Down the glimmering streets I walk
And turn my steps to a long still road
And bright, bright light

That shines for me,
The light of a happy home and love.

MAY 17, 1918.—Little book, today all is sadness in my home. Mother weeps, father is silent. Such a change, where all was happiness just a short time ago. The war has taken our boys, too. My brothers both left for camp today. Oh, little book,

You don't know what a thrill it gives,
A memory that will always live,
As you watch your boys,
Yes, soldiers, marching down
The streets of your old home town.

MAY 21, 1918.—They are sending the troops across seas quickly these days, and oh, I dread the sea, not knowing what may happen! This fearful war has changed so many homes, just as it has ours. Can you feel, little book, what home is like tonight?

HOME

Home tonight is a memory ;
Pale phantoms, one and all,
Hover round me, come before me,
Wave their white robes in my hall.

I can hear the voices

Of our loved ones who are gone,
Telling of a home so happy
In the short sweet past.

Where no shadows ever lingered,
Only laughter, sounds of gladness;
Yes, the ghost of those bright hours
Seems to haunt me while I sit.

Home tonight is again a memory,
Sweet to me, as a sister's duty,
As one by one on forms I'm gazing,
In fancy, passing by me in the hall.

Tonight, at home, alone I'm thinking
Of the dear ones who have gone,
Hoping, praying a safe returning
For our boys, one and all.

MAY 25, 1918.—Rumor reports today that our boys will sail within a month. I don't really know what will become of mother. These days she has completely forgotten that she is a descendant of "Stonewall." I guess she leaves all that to me.

Phil's mother, I guess, must have heard the same news, and of course thinks Phil is going or has already gone, as we have not heard from him

for a week. Well, mothers come first, and I hope Phil's mother gets a letter before I do. For somehow, little book, I can't forget the look in both those mothers' eyes. I call it the look of the war mother.

THE WAR MOTHER

The world shall never know

The pangs my spirits feel

Nor what I suffer for thy sake

Or for thy sake conceal.

I think of you when a mere boy,

And now I see you as a man,

And while upon my lips

They see a smile so gay

No one will dream the hidden griefs

That wear my heart away.

Yes, I am thinking of you, so brave,

And my heart is stirred by a mother's love,

Through all the scenes from boy to man,

I see them by me pass along,

And I pray the Lord to save my son

From suffering and a foreign grave;

And even as I calmly think,

Long past the midnight hour,

Tears I shed, unseen, alone, while

I pray for you so dear.

MAY 27, 1918.—Phil's mother received a letter today. He is still at camp, so all the worry was for nothing.

MAY 28, 1918.—Received a letter from Lieutenant Phil today. I'm all smiles, little book. For a change I'll make you smile. At least try, for I hear Phil saying, "Don't."

DON'T!

Don't sigh. Just try
To smile, not cry,
For the sake of a lad
Who'd rather not think
That the face of his lass was sad.

Don't weep. Just try
To make your eyes,
For the sake of a lad,
Light with unshed tears bright,
To say that his lass is glad.

Don't grieve. Just try
To think, "He's coming
Home"—yes, your lad;
Oh! won't you welcome him with love!
Then lad and lass will ne'er be sad.

MAY 30, 1918.—Today is Memorial Day, little book. This year it has a special meaning to everyone, I think. We've thrown to the breeze today our service flag with two stars.

MY SERVICE FLAG

I've thrown to the breeze today from here,
A silky flag, the color red,
And on it stars, yes, two so blue,
To tell of men so brave and true;
I watch it blow, and breathe a prayer,
"Oh, God, don't let those stars turn gold."

The flag I threw to the breeze today,
It blows and it flutters, to people say
That these brave men have gone to fight
And work and serve for their country's right;
I watch it blow, and again I pray
For the stars to be surely always blue.

This little flag in the breeze still blows,
It calls to the people in the streets,
To touch their minds with the world's great strife,
Its love and its bitterness all so great;
I watch it blow, and again I pray,
"Dear God, don't turn the stars to gold."

This little flag in the breeze, watch it blow,
It tells of the people within the home,
Their hearts and minds that are sad and lone,
It speaks from the place of business, too,
Of those who are missed in toil's great flow ;
I watch it blow, and pray again
For the stars to be just all blue.

JUNE 3, 1918.—I've got to be a real busy-bee since those three big soldier boys left to work for Uncle Sam. I've a feeling, little book, that before all this war trouble is over, I, Dorothy Stonewall Grant, will have learned much, a great many things, for I can see there is much to know and much to do.

I've a feeling, it may be true,
That over here as over there,
The same hell-fire we must go through ;
It does not mean that guns will rain,
But our hearts will burn with fearful pain.

JUNE 10, 1918.—I miss my big brothers, oh, so much—they were always buzzing about after something—"hives of trouble" I used to call them. My ! but I wish that they were here, for

Oh ! my dears
How I'd just love

Snatches from a Diary

To have you here
And have you buzz,
Buzz words so dear
In my small ear.

And now, little book, as my younger brother
advises, please smile.

SMILE

If you're up against it, don't whine,
Throw up your shoulders and just smile,
Even though your head is splitting, and your heart
is broke,
For it's half the battle over here
Where everybody's sore and blue,
And it's most the battle over there
Where everything is thunder, fire and smoke,
For although in dreams you see again
That parting sad and drear, just smile, no tears.

If you're up against it, don't weep
And cry against Heaven for your present state,
For every heart and every home
Have felt the touch of war's red torch,
And from early morning till late at night
They're waiting for a message filled with joy
or grief

From the land where all is sorrow, hunger, blood-shed, death ;

Fate may be kind, Fate may be hard,
Don't weep, they wouldn't like it, so—just smile,
no tears.

JUNE 15, 1918.—Received a letter today, and oh ! I dare not write the words I read, for it said that Phil's unit might sail for France now—any time—in three weeks. I've tried to make believe it would not happen, but at last it is going to come ; still I must smile. My ! how I'll hate that word after the war is over.

JUNE 18, 1918.—Letters from both my brothers today. Tom is going south for aviation training, while Dick still remains where he is, but he says, too, that they are going to rush things and are sending thousands over every week, and of course, being a descendant of Stonewall, too, he is anxious to get in the thick of the fight. I didn't tell mother that part of the letter yet ; no use to worry until you have to. Phil's training is coming in useful—I am really getting quite sensible about the worry part. Mother and father are out this evening, and it is very quiet and still. Hear it raining, little book, and I'm alone.

ALONE

I'm sitting alone and lonely tonight,
And deep in my heart is a gnawing pain
As I watch the fading rays of light
And list to the patter of drops of rain;
Then memory softly steals within
And paints me a picture of other nights
When my heart was happy, not lone like this,
And the tears begin to fall, thick and fast.

I'm sitting alone, just dreaming tonight,
And visions of love and the happy past
Keep me company through the storm;
The wild winds moan, like a funeral knell,
I call, but no answer comes to tell;
I stretch my hands, but the vision flies,
And I see just darkness and hear the rain;
Then the tears fall, thick and fast.

JUNE 24, 1918.—Oh, little book, my Phil is coming home tomorrow just for two days' leave of absence, and then within a week he'll be on his way over-seas. I can't think, I can't sleep, but I must make Phil remember only the happy things—there must be no gloom—for

Yes, always, will golden memories frame
Your loving image in my heart,

And love for what thou art
Fill the long, long days apart;
In life's fond gallery of memory
Thy pictured face shall ever dwell;
Through life thy name to me
Will but of love and bravery tell;
In death 't will bring me peace
And bid my soul to cease its strife.

I can't hope, I can't weep, I can only ask myself a thousand times a day, "When?"

WHEN?

Some day, when the earth is glad,
When days are bright, and fewer hearts are sad,
When birds sing, and roses hide their thorns,
And when the skies dispel the clouds,
Or perhaps may wear all gloom,
No matter, I know it must be joy,
I do not grieve, I know all will be well,
But—when?

Some day, when the earth's not sad,
When hearts smile over spirit wrongs,
When the flowers bloom, and all is fair and glad,
When sun shines and casts a golden ray
Over homes and the haunts of men,
No matter, our hearts will throb with joy,

So I do not grieve, I know all must be well,
But—when?

JUNE 26, 1918.—Phil came this morning, and wasn't I glad to see him! 'T was like a "little bit of Heaven." My boy is looking just splendid, little book. Of course, I think he is very handsome, anyway, but this out-of-door life has tanned and hardened him, and as he says, he is in the "pink of condition." He went home to see his mother, and then came back tonight. We had such a long, long talk. There were many questions to be asked, little book, and much to be answered, and I feel just like a "Stonewall." It's the only time I've known that name really to fit. I'm just simply numb.

THE QUESTION

You see, before you, as I am,

Well and strong, they say "a perfect man,"
But before many days I sail away

To meet perhaps some hapless fate;
There are many things for us to do,

Things not to shirk, but to meet our doom,
And if in time I do return,

Wounded, a cripple, yes, maimed for life,
Think! these are the things you will have to face,
That may make you cringe and turn away;

So I ask, "You who gave me the key to your
heart,
Could you love me then,
That once strong, now helpless, man?"

THE ANSWER

'Tis just as you say, I know 'tis true,
But things might happen to me as they would
to you,
A blight might come while you're away,
And leave me with Fate to deal its pay;
We both have youth and love and strength,
But the future's a pawn that we can't count on;
But if in time you should return,
Not the boy I sent but a helpless man,
I'd be the woman you looked upon,
Who said she loved you, and gave you the key
to her heart,
But God in His mercy will keep you safe;
But if I'm needed I'll cling to you fast,
Even though through hell's fire, as you, I have
to pass.

JUNE 26, 1918.—Little book, Philip has gone,
and it is early, just seven-thirty by the clock. We
just didn't say much—just thought—for both our
minds were busy, but we kept silent as if fearing

to speak. Little book, I know now what suffering is and so does Lieutenant Phil, for tonight we both felt its keenest pangs. We didn't say "Good-bye." No, Phil and I, to make it easier, said, "God bless you."

God bless you, you have my wishes
To carry with you far and near,
I wish it to you when you're happy,
But more when sorrow makes ill;
Most words are empty, blessings lack,
So all wishes should blessings bring;
Success, and health, a happy path,
Is what I wish—God bless you.

And then we said, "Good-night," not "Good-bye."

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night—the simple accents roll,
A thrilling cadence through our soul;
Good night—warm lips to ours are pressed
Then dear arms clasp with love's caress
While the parting words are said—Good-night.
Good-night—the words are ling'ring yet;
We would not, if we could, forget,
And memories of the past will live
In silent halls of hope's strong walls,

That our joys may never end,
As we say those parting words—Good-night.

JUNE 30, 1918.—A little, short letter from Phil today. He is in quarantine, may go any day now, and just think, little book, we may not know a thing about it here at home.

JULY 4, 1918.—The "Glorious Fourth." Well, no celebration today, Dorothy. Just a note from Phil came this morning, and I know that he has gone, as he enclosed a little white daisy plucked from a near-by field at camp, for that was to be our "silent sign" to tell me he had sailed. "Daisies won't tell," little book, but I wonder if we can ever forget?

CAN YOU FORGET?

Can you forget in days of peace

The dreary years that have passed by,
Heart-aches, caused by the call to arms,

For our men to fight for honor and home,
Perhaps to fight in a foreign land,

To return over seas nevermore?

Can you forget?

30 Snatches from a Diary

Can you forget those hours of peaceful gladness,
 Memories spent with our loved and chosen
 ones,

Or the days of gloom and sadness,
 When our hearts were torn, with anguish
 borne,

All joys forgotten, all hopes gone?

Can you forget?

Can you forget love's last and mournful parting,

 Where sighs of anguish rent our hearts,

When our tears trembled, our eyes closed,

 And our lips together were gently pressed

In one short, fleeting, sad good-bye?

Can you forget?

Can you forget the loved ones who have left us,

 Alone, far away in a distant land,

Or those returned us, blighted in

 Their youth's first bloom,

Or those who fought for peace and right

 And lie in a foreign grave?

Can you forget?

There were a thousand things I could not think,

 And a thousand things I could not say,

And you, like me, were you to speak,

 Would say, "I only wish that you could stay."

JULY 7, 1918.—There is much for us women of America to do, yes, something to make us forget. I think I will take up a course in Army Nursing. I feel I will need to know something about nursing before this war is over. Perhaps it is because I have three loved ones in it. I know mother will not like it, but there is only one thing to keep us from thinking, and, little book, it is toil.

TOIL

Toil must help us to forget this strife;
 In toil grief finds repose,
 The game was worth the stakes,
 For a life of war, a world of foes,
 Was conquered, but at what a cost of life!
 Hearts broken but triumphant,
 Yes, toil will cast its shade
 O'er memory, like a mystic veil,
 And time will heal our wounds.

JULY 10, 1918.—Little book, I'm worrying most to death these days that Philip is at sea. I wonder about how long it will take before they reach the other side. Perhaps three weeks. I wish, little book, that I knew, but I must remember "Stonewall" and keep from worrying.

JULY 13, 1918.—Received a little, short note to-

day from Philip, no doubt written on board the ship. It said, "All are well. This is the boat we caught, very palatial, very comfortable, smooth trip so far, everybody well and happy." With it was a picture of the ship. The picture is very beautiful and says, "The largest ship in the world." Lieutenant Phil is so thoughtful, little book. Hardly a few days gone, and yet I have a little note, and "how things look at sea."

THE SEA

Oh, the sea, with its flows and ebbs and tides,
And its wavelets so blue and green,
You're full of craft, all strange and gray,
No more white sails glide o'er your way.
Some days you're fair, a restful place,
Other days turbulent, unrest we trace,
But sea or ocean, you're beautiful too,
In your gold of sunrise or sunset's hue,
Or on a day of cloudy gray, but most of all,
In Moon's soft silver light.
Oh, sea, mysterious sea, do spell,
How many human heart's histories can you
tell?
Oh, sea, today a bird, yet a ship in wings,
Sails o'er your great gray, blue green waves,
Seaward, but who knows where to?

There is no one to tell us which way they go.
Oh, the men's hearts that sail away,

Could we look in we would see a dart
That looks like the road that leads to home,
The place that they leave, not knowing hence,
But a resting place they seek again

When again they cross that restless sea
Where wild winds sweep and tempests roll,

As if to say they'll never reach home,
But the tranquil wave of God's calm grace

Will guide them home to love's resting-place.

JULY 15, 1918.—A little white card came today,
saying, "The ship on which I sailed has arrived
safely overseas.

Name—Philip S. Marden, M. C.

Organization—Base Hospital, No. —
American Expeditionary Forces."

Well, little book, Philip is in France or on his
way. I can't believe it, for I didn't think that he
would go, somehow.

SOMEHOW

Somehow, I did not think that you would go,
Although the call in springtime came,
When the lilies were in bloom;

The time sped by from day to day,
Then summer's roses filled the air,

So I put from me all ugly fears,
Of foreign lands and danger's gloom ;
Somehow, I thought, "Perhaps kind fate
May stay stern duty, staid and straight,"
But you obeyed its quick first call ;
I would not wish it otherwise,
But oh ! the dread of those parted days,
The mornings and evenings we loved them all,
And oh ! my dear, don't I miss you,
For somehow I didn't think that you would go.

JULY 20, 1918.—I have been busy these days, little book, and as I am going to a meeting of the Woman's Aid Society, will just tell you that I've written a big, long letter to Lieutenant Phil, somewhere in France, today. It was a regular camouflage, little book.

CAMOUFLAGE

Yes, I've learned to smile,
And no one looks for traces
Of tears about my eyes ;
My face is like most faces,
But I don't think one would ask
If my face belied my heart,
Still I wonder if you'd like to know
Really what I think.

Am I happy? Yes, I look it,
You would think me what I seem
Could you see me smiling
Through each very busy day;
They say happy persons lightly sleep;
Yes, they sleep, but never dream;
Yet I wonder if you'd care to know
All the dreams I dream of you.

JULY 23, 1918.—I'm wondering tonight why there are so many young men about, and why they're not at war. They look quite as fit as my brothers or Philip, but perhaps they have no fighting ancestors. I guess that must be it, little book, because I don't think they could be all slackers, do you?

THE SLACKER

There won't be a minute left in life
To give you a moment of peace or rest;
They'll call you sure to show your hand,
And put you through the patriot's test;
They'll follow you from shore to shore,
Your life will be but a phantom's face;
You can't find some one to fight your fight,
And you can't say that you always hate blood
and strife;
You can't have wine to drown your sadness,
There'll not be music, nor mirth, just madness;

How can you look so proud and glad,
As you think of those transports sailed for
France,
Perhaps to suffer, perhaps to die, but oh! no cads;
There was many a chance in war for you
In lands over-seas, both old and near;
You thought that, somehow, things would
straighten out,
That peace would come, and you'd be free;
You are not to yourself or country true,
They're bound to get you, you'll get your due.

JULY 30, 1918.—The newspapers tell us now that our American boys are in the thick of the fight. Wild battles are raging over there now every day. I hope Phil will be at some base hospital far, far from the lines, but I would not want him to know I was wishing any such thing, for of course he wants to be near the lines. I always think of the fields of Flanders as big fields of golden poppies, and until I hear from Phil I will think of them as such, although after all the blood that has been shed on their ground I don't see how the poppies could ever be golden again. Do you, little book?

FLANDERS FIELDS

Over there, where the poppies grow,

Covering the fields with golden glow,
Once the skies were gold, blue, purple, too,
And birds flew high over fields of flowers;
There people lived in love and peace.

Now all is changed, there is no mirth,
But sadness now by Flanders' hearth.

Over there, where the poppies grew,
Other years they'll be of another hue,
A deep, deep crimson they're sure to be,
For the fields of Flanders are red with blood;
In beauteous color they'll rise in splendor
As if to ask that all remember
That the world's best youth bled on Flanders'
earth.

AUGUST 3, 1918.—I had a letter from my brother Dick today. He has the funniest jobs for me to do. I never know what it will be next. But it may be anything from threading a needle to buying an overcoat in the middle of the summer. He thinks anything I say or do about right, and oh! how I miss him, little book. Listen, hear me whisper: Dick has a very dear friend, a chum; his name is Tom Jones. He isn't in the army for some reason or other, and Dick is worried about him. It is a case of too much money and time on his hands for mischief for Tom. I suppose

in the time of Ancestor Stonewall, such things as the name of "vampire" and "affinity" would not be tolerated, and no doubt were unknown. But things have changed since then. This is the case of Tom, Dick's friend. It won't do any good to talk to him. He says, "But, Dolly, you know all the pillow fights—'member? Didn't we have fun?" Well Tom played pillow fights with us many a time, as he was like another brother. Tom's father and Dad were real friends. "Now, little girl, remember all the scraps you got us fellows into in the happy past. And, Dolly, just keep an eye on Tom; if you can't handle him, sic Dad on to him." But, little book, I think it will be like this with Tom: he won't be foolish forever, but some day will begin to think.

TO AN AFFINITY

Do you think that because a man's soul

You hold cupped in your hand,

You can mould him, hold him, make him

The man of your dreams?

Wondrous to you as it seems, yes,

You selfish, heartless, too cold to understand
His weakness, his struggles, his need

Of a stronger, better hand,

Look into your heart and ask, "Can it hold?"

Do you think that because now

That he is weak he'll love you forever,
That he'll never see a flaw, but behold

Always bright the perfect gem?

No; some time, as in a dream, he'll turn

Quickly, blindly from your side,

Looking, longing for sympathy, a guide,

Hoping to find one that is true;

Then, look in your hand, his soul's slipped
through.

AUGUST 10, 1918.—I am going away for a few days, little book, 'way, 'way, up into the heart of the mountains, and forget the war, yes, everything, and just live in the sunshine of another clime. It seems as though I can't wait until the time comes to go. I feel as if I just want to go. So, little book, I'll say good-bye for a few days, and then I'll tell you what I did.

WISHING

I want to go, and from the city fly,

Far as a swallow in the sky;

I want to go where the golden-rod

Floods the fields with its yellow gold;

I want to go where all is trees,

And mountains and vales and rivers, too,

And watch the sunsets and feel the dew ;

I want to go where all is joy, to soothe the
heart,

And make us all our cares forget.

I want to go through fields of clover,

And become a perfect rover ;

I want to stand on the river's bridge,

And watch the stars stud the heaven's blue ;

I want to list to the call of the wild,

And feel for once its lonely thrills,

And forget for a time the world and all its ills,

For I want now, most of life, to blot out and
forget.

I want to go yonder, yes, and yonder,

With no one to say where I'll ponder ;

I want to lie under trees and study all,

Their beauty and their height ;

I want to live for days and days,

And hear birds sing and call,

And watch fish swim in brooks of crystal silver,

Yes, and taste the joy of living,

And having the glory of loving ;

And I want to live and come back knowing

That I've been as free as the breeze that blows,

Knowing for a time that I did forget.

AUGUST 17, 1918.—Little book, I'm home again after my trip in the most wonderful county. I got all my wishes, little book, but no fishes.

For I watched the wily fishes,
As they shyly passed my hook,
They nibbled all my bait,
Then from me swam off straight;
So after many hours, by those perch and bass
Tired and sore I had to pass.

I received a letter from Philip while away saying they had arrived safely and were "somewhere in France." They were all well but tired after their trip. It took them only ten days to make it, and that wasn't half bad, was it? They are at a rest camp; had to walk to it five miles with all their baggage, and pitch their tents, and remain for some days until further orders. It was only a short letter, but it made me so happy, for, little book, I was thinking!

THINKING

I'm thinking of you all day,
And dreaming of you at night;
I don't know what morning greets you
Or what stars make up your night;
And if it wasn't for your letters,

Written words to make me glad,
I know I couldn't home here stay,
I'd have to fly to France.

I'm thinking of you all these days
While the summer's lights fade fast,
And oh! I dread the winter,
The storms and winds so drear;
I think of you near the trenches,
And the boys from the lines to you,
And I wish and wish for peace
So you'd come home safe from France.

AUGUST 19, 1918.—Phil's mother is here today to spend the day with us. She is awfully lonesome for Phil, he was such a good son, and I miss him, too. She is such a dear mother. I love her 'most as much as I do mine. Phil's mother is a northern girl. We call her the "Northern Mother," and my mother was a southern girl, so we call her the "Southern Mother." They both have the same name of Mary. My mother's name was Mary Stonewall Jackson, and Phil's mother was Mary Clare Sheridan. Lieutenant Philip thinks the name of Mary the most beautiful name there is, so, little book, this is what he says of "Mary":

MARY

Mary, the sweetest name e'er mortal bore,
One that should never be
Trumpeted coarsely by the voice of fame,
But loved and revered for its purity,
Shrined in the heart's home thoughts,
And cherished there,
Loved, sacred as a household prayer.

AUGUST 21, 1918.—Received another letter from Philip today. They are still at the rest camp and wishing to get settled for good, also wishing for some good hot water. He says, "If we only had some of that hot water that you people in America waste so, we would be so happy." It sure is some change, little book, for those boys, some of them were so fussy. Hot water, hard beds, and the high, tight collars seem to be their three great bothers.

AUGUST 30, 1918.—Had a letter from Phil today, with some postal cards enclosed. They are very fine and give you an idea of the country about them. Phil says, "It is very beautiful here; I wish you could be with me to see the country and different places." I wish I were, Lieutenant Phil. They are in an old town or city somewhere

in France, getting ready for a base hospital of about two thousand beds. They will have to work hard now, but they are glad to get back to work again. There are wonderful old chateaux in France, and from Phil's description, little book, I can almost imagine myself going through one with him, as one day before he wrote he went to see an old chateau in France.

AN OLD CHATEAU

I dreamed that I walked in France,
When the day was going down,
By a river that flowed silently past,
Through an old dim lighted town.

Then I came to that chateau fair to see
That told of the past of olden days,
Wide open were windows and doors,
And slowly I walked up the stairs.

I roamed through many a corridor,
And many a chamber of state,
I passed through every open door,
As the day was growing late.

I gazed on art long treasured,
And faces from all looked down,
And I came to trophies of battles,
Fought by France long years ago.

I came to the turret chamber,
As the twilight darkened dim,
And I watched the flowing river,
And heard window flowers whisper.

The place was so still, that I could hear,
A word, if that word was said,
But all was quiet, yes still,
For those of the past were dead.

Then I came to the little rose-trellised room,
Where only now was gloom,
With just a bat, which strove to fly,
And one rose, a bud, which I pressed to my
lips.

Yes, a little guitar fell close to my feet,
I picked it up, and held it tight,
And I thought of a little maid
Who played and sang, perhaps, many a happy
note.

But now, 'twas dark, as I turned away,
And wended my way from scenes of the past,
From room to room I said "Good-night,"
To memories and treasures old and dear,
In that old chateau in sunny France.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1918.—I went to the hospital to-day to take up a course in nursing. I do not

know how I will get along, but I am going to keep right at it, little book.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1918.—Dick has sailed for France. He did not get a chance to come home as it was only a short time since he left. My big brother has gone, too. Well, soon I will have two little cards saying, "The ship I sailed on has arrived safely overseas." That is the message, little book, I want—"Safe."

SEPTEMBER 12, 1918.—Heard from Tom today from the aviation camp. Tom is a very poor letter-writer. We get one to every ten of our letters to him. Every time I see a letter from Tom I expect that something has happened, and every time the telephone rings I expect it is to say that he has been injured. I wish he did not go in for aviation. He asks me what I'd do if they all came home now, little book—if they came now.

IF YOU CAME NOW

If you came now, my heart would be too full for words;

I know I just could not speak;
My heart would sing like a bird on wing,

And my lips would smile. Oh, yes,
And my eyes would tell a welcome you know so
well.

If you came now, and it were a morning of sun-
light,
The world would be so bright
'T would seem no shadows could enter in,
And if it were noonday, with flower buds in
full bloom,
I'd be afraid my heart would be aflame, so glad
you came.

If you came now, and it were night, with silvery
moon,
With all earth's beauty shimmering in the dew,
I'd try to be calm, and think the war
That took you from me sent you home;
And oh! I'd welcome you with love, if you came
now.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1918.—There is an epidemic of
influenza in the country these days, and people
are dying by the hundreds after just a few days'
sickness. It seems, little book, as if the war was
coming right home to us, as they call it the "Span-
ish Influenza," saying it was brought by return-

ing troops from the war lands, and it looks as if we might die before the boys over there.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1918.—Yesterday, Death took away one of my dearest friends in this strange disease. She was a beautiful girl, Dick's sweetheart, and Dick will be just crazy, I know, but, little book, it will be a long, long time before Dick knows anything about it, for he has sailed for France.

I wouldn't send white roses,
They breathe of love, I know,
But they always mind me of a dove
That brings death from above.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1918.—Grace was buried today. I sent her a mass of pink roses, she loved them so, and Dick always sent her a special kind. And, little book, I tried to do just as I thought he would have wished, for somehow, little book, pink roses seem to make it seem less like death.

PINK ROSES

Oh, roses of pink,
Of how many things you make me think;
Your petals tell of the sunset's hue
And shed sweet perfume moist with dew;

Your leaves speak of the fields so green and cool,
And the touch of your thorn speaks pain
By its sharp quick prick.

Oh, roses of pink,
You make me think
Of the sea, its shells and coral, too,
And babies so pink and rosy sweet;
But most of all of my sweetheart's blush
When I whisper love words dear.

Oh, roses of pink,
You make me think
Of things that are always pure and bright,
And you make us forget in the hour of death
By soothing our hearts that are torn with grief,
By your rosy beauty's soft sweet glow
By bringing to mind our loved ones' thoughts
And the warmth and the things that they loved
in life.

There is no north, no south,
No east, no west;
Our country's one,
Bowed down in grief.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1918.—It is Sunday; little book,
and I am writing to Lieutenant Philip. I'm most
scared to death, afraid to breathe, in fear of this

terrible epidemic, for death is everywhere. Many of Phil's friends, too, have died from this influenza. He wants to know how almost everyone is, asks all kinds of questions in his last letter. I can't tell, little book, how things are, can I? That we are living in constant fear of death, not knowing what might happen from day to day? No, I can't tell him as things are now. But, little book, I say to him just to think of home now.

NOW

Just now, when the trees

By autumn leaves are colored gay,
To tell us that the frost is here,

It finds us just like a place
Where the track leaves off

And the trail begins,
For troubles of various forms are here
To fill our hearts with pangs of fear.

And now, when the evening twilight

Steals upon you calm and clear,
Just let your thoughts dwell on

Scenes of home beyond the seas,
For the winter frosts will quickly pass
And spring will come with life still young,

And then, perhaps 'twill be
The end of that long, long road.

OCTOBER 3, 1918.—No letters from Philip for over ten days, and it seems just ages. His mother hasn't heard either, and she is becoming worried. She is wondering where Phil's letters went, and hers and mine, as I guess few have been received out of the number sent on all sides. I guess, little book, that everyone is wondering the same thing, but I think that they are at the bottom of the sea.

OUR LETTERS

At the bottom of the sea

There are letters sent by me
To a soldier far away across in France ;
They were written words of love,
Cheer and happenings over here,
That we longed to see them home safe soon ;
But a rocket from a "sub"
Sent the ship, yes, wild with motion,
Amid mad billows of the ocean,
And my letters, with all on board,
Sunk to the bottom of the deep, deep sea.

At the bottom of the sea

There are letters sent to me,

Answers from a soldier far away in France ;

And he writes of life in trenches,

And of battles with the Boches,

Adding thoughts for all the folks at home,

And they hope the day of freedom soon will
come ;

But those missives never came,

They were sunk mid ship's debris,

And they lie in ghastly ruins

At the bottom of the deep, deep sea.

At the bottom of the sea,

Some day I know there'll be commotion,

For the mermaids and the elves who live amid
the ocean,

With the aid of wily fishes, all will search

For those missives sent across by you and me,

And I know they'll never falter,

And I know they'll never halter

Till upon a coral altar,

In a casket of pure pearl,

All those heart thoughts they will turn ;

Then they'll seal with mystic power,

And they'll guard with ocean monsters all our
letters

At the bottom of the deep, deep sea.

OCTOBER 10, 1918.—Letter at last from Phil.
He is a captain now. They say he has done ex-

cellent work since being in service, and I am glad that he obtained a captaincy. They are all working very hard. He says no one will know what it is to see all those wounded boys, so good, so patient, so brave, no complaints through their sufferings. Oh! if there were no such suffering, for what, little book, have those boys done to go through such hell?

OCTOBER 15, 1918.—News reached us today of the mortal wounding of Phil's chum, Captain John Gray. He was a fine fellow, and it is mighty hard. His message to his mother was, "Mother, I did my best. All around me on the battlefield were boys—our boys—and I could not leave them." He was wounded three times while giving first aid, and had to be carried from the field. He was decorated for bravery. Oh! little book, I hope they'll keep Capt. Phil just where he is, far from the fighting lines, for he would be in the thick of the fight, like Young America.

YOUNG AMERICA

Scions of a mighty stock,
From north to south, from east to west,
With hands of iron and hearts of oak,
Our gallant youths will do their best.

54 Snatches from a Diary

Honest, yes, with steady eyes,
True, and pure, and simple,
Yet, steady for their country's need,
For her glorious cause to bleed.

They laugh at danger, far and near,
They're dauntless on the battlefield,
They spurn all baseness and all fear,
Their actions speak only truth and right.

And happy are they when the call
For God, their country and liberty comes,
Religion, freedom, like a rock,
Bear them on through every shock.

They even smile when wounded fall,
Through suffering courage never lack,
They fight their fight for freedom's chance,
Although it may mean a grave in France.

And when the dove of peace
Spreads its wings o'er lands and seas,
At Freedom's banquet of joy and rest,
The guest of honor and high endeavor
Will be true to the cause, Young America.

OCTOBER 17, 1918.—The United States, in fact, the whole world, is all excitement these days, waiting to hear the President's answer to Germany's plea for peace. We are anxious to hear,

too, little book, for I think that "No" will be his answer.

HIS ANSWER

All the eyes of the world are watching
 For the answer he sends o'er seas;
 All the ears of the world are listening,
 His words to him who wages peace for only
 future wars;
 All the hearts of the world are throbbing
 As they wait for his well-thought words,
 For he who wages war for future peace
 Will speak, yes, strong, direct,
 No trifling, stern facts to render,
 Summed up to mean "Complete Surrender";
 Else, he answers "No."

OCTOBER 19, 1918.—The first time, little book, it looks as if sometime soon we might have peace. But not until it's a just peace and the Kaiser is conquered.

CONQUERED

TO THE KAISER

Through all your life, you have been king,
 To the people of your land,
 You've fought your way, where few would fight,
 And stood where few would stand,

56 Snatches from a Diary

And vowed by blood-shed, fire and sword,
The wide, wide world you'd own.

You've conquered foes, and victories won,
And dared by barriers, to stay their way,
You've pillaged, burned and murdered, too,
The old, the young, the infirm, yes,
Your thoughts of others were dreams to you,
Their lives to you, mere play.

You've scourged the lands of Belgium, France,
Brought terror to their hearts,
You've climbed the heights of the Appenines,
And trod o'er Italian vales,
And watched from brow of dizzy cliffs,
The sea with warfare sails.

You've taken your chance, with the rushing
crowd,
And charged all the earth with fire.
You've looked on them suffer, from còt and
throne,
And gazed on the fields so red with blood,
And with deep, dark eyes and folded arms,
Said, "I will, I'll kill, I'll own."

But where is your kingly power today?
And what does your spirit crave?

Your days of carnage soon must cease,
As your days of power, of fire and siege,
For your calm "Thou shalt," won't matter now,
Nor your look, your thought, your word.

Today, there's a faltering in your voice,
And in your eyes, a look of fear,
Which from you should mean but coward's
shame,
Manacles you'd clasp on all men's strength,
And deep in slavery all enthrall, speak,
You can't, you know, your battle now is lost.

For women's voices are lifted in prayer,
They speed through your clouds of fire,
Their eyes to Heaven are raised for help,
Their lips are smiling, they have no tears,
For our men over there, for Liberty fight,
In the battle of fire, for Freedom's right.

Yes, the voice of the world is calling,
And all hearts with pain are throbbing,
And the souls of the earth, as one,
Unite in their hope for peace,
But still to the end, they'll suffer,
Till you're conquered, O king of fiends.

OCTOBER 20, 1918.—Terrible reports of fighting have come to us during the last few weeks,

and more so the last few days. Many are wounded, perhaps our boys, too. In one of the letters that Philip sent I remember he wrote of how patient and brave they were, but the real, real sick boys and men dreaded the night so he said he was glad almost when they passed away, for he knew they went to Heaven to rest, where there is no night.

THERE IS NO NIGHT

There is no night in Heaven,
For angels with wings of light
Fan back the darkening shadows,
Dispelling the dreary night.

There is no night in Heaven,
Only daylight shines brightly there,
Leaving no room for sorrow,
Just God, with celestial light.

There is no night in Heaven,
Just unfading silvery beams,
With richest music swelling
From angel choirs sublime.

There is no night in Heaven,
Only peace and truth and light,
With an ocean of starry blossoms
To keep away the night.

There'll be triumph, triumph, triumph gleaming
As they march down through the streets,
Mad will go the town, each man will be a boy,
Thousands of flags will flame,
And bells will ring out joy,
And there'll be music, mirth and sunshine,
And some tears in most all eyes,
As the town rings out in cheers
For our returning boys.

OCTOBER 21, 1918.—Philip, I read your last letter over and over. Well, little book, I forgot for a moment that I was talking to you, and called you Philip. They are working so hard, there were so many wounded to be taken care of. The doctors and the nurses are surely doing good work, both here and over there. I wish, little book, that it was all over. I'll be so glad, Captain Phil, when you come home.

WHEN YOU COME HOME

When you come home, and the world's at peace,
My heart won't be able for any speech ;
I'll throw open the door and call all the sunbeams
to merry dance,
Tell them to cover with golden light,
Chase all the shadows from the place,

Call to the birds to sing their best,
And roses I'll strew with all the rest,
Remember, from over the seas, when you come
home.

When you come home, oh! won't it be great
To do all the things you planned to do,
Forget all your sufferings, toil and grief,
Of your days over seas, in this great long feat,
Just make life happy, sorrows brief?
All will be love, just happy dreams,
Filled with music, light and song,
My! don't I wish that you were home.

OCTOBER 21, 1918.—Little book, just what I expected has happened to my brother Tom. He has been injured by falling from his plane. Father is going to go to him tonight; mother is too ill to go, and I will follow as soon as I can leave her cared for properly. Tom was such a good brother. He was quiet, but oh, so kind, little book. He was a great big fellow, and you could snuggle right up under his arm and he would tell you stories by the dozen. I just loved Tom to death when I was a little girl. He wasn't anything like Dick. Tom did all the pleasing and Dick did all the teasing. Oh! Philip, Dick, Tom, little book, I'm just calling.

I'M CALLING

I'm calling to you, over there,
Where the rays of the setting sun
Are just as purple, just as gold
As they are over here, when the day is done ;
Over the ocean, to over there,
Where the sun shines high in the sky,
There's where my thoughts fly,
Yes, there's where our hearts lie,
So I'm calling.

I'm calling to you, over there,
'Mid the crowd upon the streets,
In the cities and the little towns,
And I even call amid the harbors,
Crowded now with wondrous fleets ;
I can see the many rivers,
And the many gardens, too,
With their roses moist with dew ;
Yes, I'm dreaming o'er the ocean,
And I'm calling.

I'm calling you, over there,
Where reigns of terror blaze ;
I can see the smoking harvest,
And the cities all nigh razed,
And the battlefields of bloodshed
'Midst its din and fire and roar ;

I am near you, right before you,
 'Twixt your body and the foe,
And my heart and soul is with you,
 As I'm calling.

I'm calling that I see you coming home,
 Yes, down the old familiar road;
It's a picture never leaves me,
 No matter where I roam;
Coming home to where you will leave
 Fire and blood and ghastly death,
When o'er ocean waves again you come,
 Leaving all the cannon's roar;
And when the stars stud the evening sky
 I'll be waiting, waiting over here;
 That's why I'm calling.

OCTOBER 22, 1918.—It never rains but it pours. That is an old saying, little book, and it is just the way things are with me today. I've had news that Phil's unit is on the firing line or working near it; and in these days you know what that means. I must be brave, I know, and, little book, pray and think of the *De Profundis*.

DE PROFUNDIS

In these days of woe and hours of darkness,
 When the world is one great heart of anguish,

Of homes with ties all torn apart,
Where shy-eyed children softly creep
And watch their mothers silent weep,
When parents press their hearts to still the
grief,
And the young no longer in pleasure languish,
Oh, God, we kneel down at thy feet and cry,
“Lord, hear our voice ; have mercy !”

In these days of woe and inhuman plight,
When cities burn and fields are strewn with
dead,
When famine knocks and pestilence with death
Stand victorious in the bloody strife,
When the wounded, dying, send their prayers
In one great gift to Thy throne above,
With them we pray and cry to thee :
“Lord, hear our voice ; have mercy !”

In these days of woe and human torture,
When amid the cannon's roar and fire of gun,
We wipe our brow and press our ears,
And try to still the fearful din,
Where bullets hiss and strike and tear,
If wounded or fallen we will be brave,
And say, “Thy will be done” ;
Dying on field or by sad grave,

We pray and cry to thee:

“Lord, hear our voice; have mercy!”

OCTOBER 23, 1918.—Little book, I leave to go to Tom now. I know not what horrors greet me, but as one has to be a perfect “Stonewall” I must be brave, but oh! I dread it. I hope he is not seriously hurt. The little training I’ve had in nursing may help some now, and some day I’ll tell you more, little book—yes, sometime.

SOMETIME

Sometime, again, when the Angel of Peace

Spreads his snowy wings o’er lands and seas,
We’ll meet again in that garden rare,

Where roses and lilies fill the air
With perfume and sweetness, dewy sweet,
Sometime, perhaps, sometime.

And then again, if it’s not too late,

We’ll speak words again that we both hold
dear;

Each flower and blossom will speak a thought,

Their beauty and perfume spell a hope,
The birds will carol and answer and sing,
Sometime, perhaps, sometime.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 258 0